

The most lamentable Tragedie

And make them know what tis to let a Queene
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

King. Rise *Titus*, rise, my Empresse hath preuaild.

Titus. I thanke your maiestie, and her my Lord.

These words, these lookes, infuse new life in me.

Tamora. *Titus* I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily,

And must aduise the Emperour for his good,

This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*,

And let it be mine honour good my Lord,

That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.

For you Prince *Basilius*, I haue past

My word and promise to the Emperour,

That you will be more milde and tractable.

And feare not Lords: and you *Lavinia*,

By my aduise all humbled on your knees,

You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.

All. We doe, and vow to heauen, and to his highnes,

That what we did, was mildly as we might,

Tending our sisters honour and our owne.

Marc. That on mine honour heere I do protest.

King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.

Tamora. Nay, nay, sweet Emperour, we must all be friends

The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,

I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

King. *Marcus*, for thy sake and thy brothers heere,

And at my louely *Tamoras* intreats,

I doe remit these young mens haynous faults,

Stand vp: *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churle,

I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,

I would not part a Batchiler from the priest,

Come,

of Titus Andronicus

Come, if the Emperours court

You are my guest *Lavinia*, and

This day shall be a lone-day

Titus. Tomorrow and it ple

To hunt the Panther and the

With horne and hound, weele

Saturn. Be it so *Titus*, and g

sound Trumpets

Aron. Now climeth *Tamora*

Safe out of Fortunes shot, and

Secure of thunders cracke or l

Aduanc'd aboue pale enuies

As when the golden sunne fal

And hauing gilt the Ocean w

Gallops the Zodiacke in his g

And ouer-lookes the highest

So *Tamora.*

Vpon her wit doth earthly h

And vertue stoopes and trembl

Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and

To mount aloft with thy Emp

And mount her pitch, whom

Hast prisoner held, settred in

And faster bound to *Arons* ch

Then is *Prometheus* tide to *Ca*

Away with slauish weedes an

I will be bright and shine in p

To waite vpon this new made

To waite said I? to wanton w

This Goddesse, this *Semerim*

This Syren, that will charme

And see his shipwracke, and l

Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter *Chiron* and *D*

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